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E D W A R D

THE

BLACK PRINCE;

OR, THE

BATTLE OF POICTIERS.

AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY.

Written by W. SHIRLEY, Esq.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre-Royal in Crow-Street,

Regulated from the Prompt-Book,

By PERMISSION of the MANAGER.

Dublin :

Printed by THOMAS M'DONNELL,

No. 50, Essex-Street.

E. D. W. A. R. D.

RENEGADE

BATTLE OF POLIGNY

AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY

BY J. D. W. A. R. D.



BY PERMISSION OF THE MUSEUM

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Printed by J. D. W. A. R. D.

For J. D. W. A. R. D.

PROLOGUE.

DRAMATIS PERSONA

THE sons of genius search thro' ev'ry age,
For proper heroes to adorn the stage;
Here Greeks and Romans rise again to view,
Again fight bravely, and their fame renew.
The great, unshaken Cato here you see,
And Caesar falls for English liberty.

No standard virtue ripen'd yet on earth,
But you behold it in a second birth;
To strike, impress, impel the vigorous mind,
And give ye all the boasts of all mankind.

Such spurs to glory, if thy glory raise,
Deserve protection—nay, demand your praise.

Our bard to-night no doubtful story brings;
Of native, genuine English feats he sings:

Here no false warlike glitters to surprise,
But just historic truths in order rise;

And sure that tale must have for Britons charms,
That shew you France subdu'd by British arms;

Our lions traversing their ravag'd plains,
Their armies broken, and their king in chains.

Our poet, led by England's ancient fame,
(And humbly gazing at great Shakespeare's flame!)

On candour's judgment bids his hopes repose,
Alike disclaiming partial friends and foes.

If his warm glow excites a patriot zeal,
If from your eyes soft drops of pity steal;

If fears, hopes, sorrows, rise with vary'd art,
And by the hand of nature touch the heart;

There let him reign—he there his power confess'd,
And gen'rous judges will o'erlook the rest.

With the humane and the exalted mind,
The absent and the dead indulgence find:

Know then, a parent breathing foreign air,
This night commits the darling to your care;

No faction's form'd to prostitute applause,
No art, no interest, to support his cause:

The public honour 'tis his pride to trust,
Nor can he think your voice will be unjust.

Attentive hear, unprejudic'd explore,
And judge like Englishmen—he asks no more.

P R O L O G U E DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Edward, Prince of Wales, commonly called The Black Prince, Mr. Hargrave.
Earl of Warwick, Mr. King.
Earl of Salisbury, Mr. Williams.
Lord Audley, Mr. Lindsay.
Lord Chandos, Mr. Davis.
Arnold, an Attendant on the Prince of Wales, Mr. Putman.
Cardinal Bevis, the Pope's Nuncio, Mr. Coynes.
John, the French King, Mr. Norman.
Dauphin, Mr. Wilton.
Duke of Touraine, his Sons, Master King.
Duke of Orleans, Constable of France, Mr. Massey.
Archbishop of Sens, Mr. Moore.
Lord Ribemont, French Marshal, Mr. Talbot.
Lord Charney, Marshal, Mr. Waylett.
Mariana, Charney's Daughter, Prisoner in the English Camp, Miss Walstein.
Gentlemen, Messengers, Guards, Attendants, &c. &c. &c.
EDWARD

DRAMATIS



EDWARD

BLACK PRINCE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The French Camp.*

Enter Charney and the Archbishop of Sens.

CHARNEY.

MY Lord of Sens, I gladly give you
Grace

A joyful welcome to the plains of Poitiers.

You come the happy harbinger of comfort,

Returning to old Charney's wee-won mind.

The King's approach revives my drooping spirits,

It feeds the dying lamp of life with hope

That I shall live to riot in revenge

Those English locusts, who devour our wealth,

Who spoil and slaughter with so wild a fury,

Grant, ye good Pow'rs, these eyes may see

destroy'd,

And I shall die contented!

Sens. Ev'ry tongue

Joins that petition. Your misfortunes, Lord,

Most nearly touch the King.

Char. Oh, they are great !
 The pride of ancient lineage treasur'd up,
 Trophies of war and ornaments of pomp,
 These won by valour, those with honour worn,
 Favours of monarchs, and the gifts of Heav'n,
 The relics of a glorious ancestry,
 Are, with the mansion of my great forefathers,
 A heap of ashes now ! — A wide-spread ruin.
 My age's blessing too, an only daughter,
 Torn from her home to hard captivity,
 The prey, the victim of a fell revenge !
 Oh, matchless misery ! — Oh, Mariana !

Sens. Your sorrows have been wept by ev'ry
 eye ;

And all have wonder'd what should mark you
 out

For such peculiar vengeance.

Char. Nothing but

The service done our master, when I brib'd
 Their governor to give up Calais to us ;
 Who, like a villain, broke his plighted faith,
 And sacrific'd the gallant troops I led,
 To Edward's fury slaughter'd all, or taken ;
 I was amongst the train who grac'd his triumph.
 There the proud King insulted me with taunts ;
 He call'd our undertaking vile and base ;
 With lowering brow and bitterness of speech,
 Adding, he hap'd the fortune of his arms
 Would give him to reward my treachery.
 The father's wishes bath the son accomplish'd ;
 For which, may all the rage of ev'ry curse,
 Flames, famines, pestilences, slaughters, join
 To root from nature the detested race !

Sens. Grant it, good Heaven ! — But see,
 the duke of Athens.

Enter

Enter Athens.

Char. Lord Constable, most welcome to my arms.

Ath. I thank you, noble Charney.

Char. Are the train
Of royal warriors, Sir, arriv'd?

Ath. They are.

Char. Oh, joyful tidings! Sir, another hour
Shall speak at large my pleasure to behold you:
The present claims my duty to the King. [*Exit.*

Ath. My Lord of Sens, these secret marches
made

From different parts by our divided host,
May steal us on our unprepared foes,
And give our arms, at length, an ample ven-
geance.

Sens. I greatly hope it. As I think, to-
morrow,

Or I mistook the King, they'll all be here.

Ath. With early day, the instant we arriv'd,
A numerous party, led by Ribemont,
Came up and join'd us. Those the Dauphin
brings;

Our last division, are to march by night;
We may expect them with to-morrow's dawn.

Sens. See! Ribemont is here.

Enter Ribemont.

Rib. Why, this looks well——

Here's bustle, expedition!—once again
We shine in arms, and wear a face of war.

Sens. Oh, may they never be again laid down,
Till England is repaid with all the plagues

Her

Her sons have brought on France! My eager
soul,

As does the fever'd lip for moisture, longs
To see destruction overwhelm that people.

Rib. Indulge no guilty hatred, reverend Lord;
For fair report, and let me add, experience,
Picture them lovely to impartial judgment.
The world allows the're valiant, gen'rous, wise,
Endow'd with all that dignifies our nature;
While, for their monarch—we'll appeal to facts,
And sure they speak him wonderful indeed!

Sens. It grates my soul to hear a Frenchman
talk

Of greater glories than he finds at home.
Is not this monarch you would make a god,
Our master's enemy, our country's foe?

Rib. A foe he is, but he's a noble foe!
I know his worth, and therefore will I speak it.
At our attack of Calais, 'twas my fortune
To meet in fight this Third King Edward's
sword:

I found him all that heathens held their gods,
Artful and mighty! (pardon the proud vaunt)
Too much for me to conquer Long we stood,
Buckler to buckler, clashing steel to steel,
Till, by superior foidership o'ercome,
I yielded to a monarch. But so well,
With hardy vigour, I sustain'd the combat,
That freedom, ransomless, was my reward.
The royal victor, when he bade me go,
Took from his brow this string of orient wealth,
Around my temples twin'd the glittering
wreath,

And cry'd—Shine there, my token of applause.
Oh, if his valour wing'd amazement high,
Where was its flight, when his heroic soul,

Forgetting

Forgetting that my sword had aim'd his slaughter,
O'erlook'd all low regards, all partial ties,
And gave a vanguard enemy renown!

Sens. Detested boast!—Ambition's taint, my
Lord,

So warps, so biases the soldier's judgment——

Rib. Ha, biases!—I tell thee, priest, am-
bition——

When was it wanting in a churchman's soul?
More odious there, and more pernicious far,
Than when it fires the warrior's breast to glory.
But down, my rage—Your office should be
peaceful——

Your habit's sacred——Let your speech be
suited.

Sens. Reproving Sir, you think you rail secure,
And so secure remain; howe'er, your cause
Might bring ev'n your allegiance into question.

Rib. Saidst thou allegiance?—What a vile
refort!

And would thy jaundic'd malice stain my fame?
But loyalty, long prov'd, dares bid defiance
To all the base perversion of thy tongue.
I praise my foes, because they merit praise:
I'll praise them to the King, and after fight
them.

My soul disdains such narrow-hearted spleen,
As owns no excellence beyond a tribe,
Or hates, from envy, all superior merit.

Alb. Forbear, my Lord; consider you're
enrag'd

With one whose function does forbid re-
sentment.

Rib. Why does the meddling priest provoke
resentment?

Let him obey that function; preach repentance
To

To money-scraping milers, sordid slaves,
 The cringing minions of corrupted courts,
 The dregs of stews and tyrants of the gown:
 There let his zeal be vehement and loud;
 But not come here to sap the soldier's honour,
 And teach inglorious lessons in a camp. [*Exit.*]

Ath. Forgive him, good my Lord; brave
 Ribemont

Is all the warrior, bold above restraint;
 Of nature noble, but unpolish'd manners.

Sens. I do forgive him—Yet a time may
 come—[*Aside.*]

Ath. Sir, go we to the presence?

Sens. I attend you.

Ath. There grant, ye pow'rs, our counsels
 may procure

This kingdom's safety, and its peace insure:
 In one brave action may our arms succeed,
 And in their turn the daring English bleed.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Prince of Wales's Tent.*

Prince Edward discovered seated; Warwick, Salisbury, Audley, Chandos, and others standing.

Prince. My Lords, Plumm'd ye in haste
 to council;

Intelligence is brought me, that our foes
 Have levied, to oppose us, such a strength
 As almost staggers credibility!

What's to be done? To tarry longer here,
 And brave their fury in the heart of France,
 Would be a rashness that may hazard all.

Consider therefore well, my fellow-warriors,

And

And aid my judgment with your good advice.
Speak, Warwick, your opinion.

War. Royal Sir,

It is for marching back, with speed, to Bour-
deaux;

Our little army, harass'd with fatigue,
And heavy laden with the spoils of war;
Should, like the careful bees, ere storms o'er-
take us,

Secure our treasures, and prepare for rest.
Havock has wanton'd in our hard campaign,
And manly daring won increase of glory:
Then let not now presumption madly risk:
Reprisals from such force. Be timely prudent:
The voice of Wisdom urges our retreat,
Obey it, and be happy.

Aud. Shameful thought!

What, spirit dastards by inglorious flight?
No, never let it, mighty Prince, be said,
That we, who two succeeding summers chac'd
From shore to shore of their extensive realm
Collected armies, doubling each our own,
Should here at length discover abject fear,
And skulk for coward safety. What are
numbers?

Let all their kingdom's millions arm at once,
And crowding, clust'ring, cram the field of fight,
Such timid throngs, with multiply'd dismay,
Would make confusion do the talk of valour,
And work out their destruction.

Sal. Audley's thoughts

Accord with mine—While Salisbury has breath,
His tongue shall hurl defiance at their force.
Remember, Princely Edward, Cressy's field;
Remember ev'ry battle we have fought;
How much out-counted, yet how greatly victors!

Loud

Loud were the calls that broke our sleep of
peace,

And bade us rouse and buckle on our arms:

A throne usurp'd, your royal father's right;

A violated truce, a vile attempt

To filch away the fruits of painful conquest,

By basely bribing servants from their duty.

Assaults so infamous, such rank dishonour,

At last awoke our monarch's high-resentment:

Oh, give it glorious scope! unhinge, destroy

Their very power of doing future wrongs;

So shall the reful'd world pour forth its blessings,

And kings and kingdoms thank our arm for
safety.

Chand. If Chandos gives his voice for our
retreat,

'Tis not from coward motives: all can witness,

I have met danger with as firm a spirit

As any in our host. But as success

Hath crown'd our arms with ample spoils and
glory,

Why, when the season is so far advanc'd,

(Hopeless of profit) should we longer stay,

By soothing pride, to brave adversity?

Consider, gracious Prince, and you, my Lords,

What difficulties clog a winter march

In hostile countries; parties harrasing,

And want of all convenience and supplies.

I do confess, the wrongs that urg'd us hither

Were such as merited severe revenge:

And vengeance we have had.

Now homeward let us look, and wisely there

Recruit, in time, our vigour and our numbers;

Thence, with the cheerful spring to issue forth,

Again to labour in the field of fame.

Prime. My Lords of Salisbury, and And-
ley, you

Who

Who cherish truth and candour in your minds,
Must yield to arguments so clear and strong.
Believe me, friends and brothers of the war,
A momentary ruin may involve us:
Upon the plains of Poitiers are encamp'd,
Th' extensive plains that our retreat must skirt,
An army double ours.

Aud. And shall we pass.

Go tamely by, and give them cause for vaunting
That Englishmen avoided once a battle?
No, never let us merit such a stain;
But boldly seek them, dare their double numbers,
And drive them, if a combat they decline,
To skip and wanton at a safer distance

Sal. Give us, my Prince, the pleasure but
to spring

This gaudy flight of prating popinjays,
And we'll retire contented.

Chand. There my voice

Shall join ye, Lords: to force them from their
home

At such a juncture will be doubly glorious!
Or should they venture battle, their discomfit
Will render our retreat to Bourdeaux safe,
And end our labours with a noble triumph.

Prince. Then be it so; for Poitiers we'll
prepare. [*Rising.*

Give instant orders, good my Lords, for
marching:

To-morrow's sun shall see us face our foes.
Here break we off; go each where duty calls.

[*Exeunt Lords.*

Now for an office is most grateful to me.

Who waits?—Let Arnold know that I expect
him:

[*A Gentleman appears, and re-
tires again.*

B

How

How poor
The blaze of splendor, or that bubble, praise,
Compar'd with what the sympathizing heart
Feels from a gen'rous action!

Enter Arnold.

Welcome, Arnold.

I ne'er behold thy face, but pleasure springs
From the remembrance of those sprightly days,
Which led through early youth our happy
friendship.

Thou wert my brother then; familiar ease
Season'd our sports, and doubled each delight,
Thither my soul, from ceremonious pomp,
'And all the heavy toils of high command,'
Oft backward looks, with wishes to renew
Those lively transports, unallay'd by care,
Our boundless happiness, our bursts of joy!

Arn. So honour'd, gracious Prince, as I
have been,

From humble fortune rais'd to envy'd greatness,
And still with ev'ry grace each gift made
precious.

Oh, what are words in payment of such blessings!
What ev'n my life, were life itself laid down
In gratitude for such transcendent goodness!

Prince. If, in atonement for its load of cares,
One vast enjoyment is the gift of greatness,
'Tis that we can bestow where merit claims,
'And with our favours cheer or charm the soul.'
Thine is the vacant military post,
By Mountford's death reverted to my gift;
And keep thy office in my household still;
I must not lose the servant in the soldier.

Be

Be henceforth both, and what is more, my friend.

Arn. How shall I praise——

Prince. Arnold; I merit none.

If thou hast kindness done thee, I have pleasure.
There is no joy a gen'rous mind can know,
Like that of giving virtue its reward:
Nor ought such payment be esteem'd a bounty;
For to deserve and give is equal favour.
But let me ask thee of thy beauteous charge:
How has the noble Mariana borne
Captive calamity?

Arn. With resignation

Worthy her birth and dignity of spirit:
Forgetting her misfortunes, all her talk
Turns on the topic of your kind protection.

Prince. Let it extend to all that can relieve
The mind from harsh reflexions on her state.
We're now preparing for the plains of Poitiers:
Accommodate her on the wearying way
With thy best care. Remember I request it.

[*Exit.*]

Arn. Rely, my royal master, on my duty.
Needless injunction! Mariana's charms
Have giv'n her here such absolute command,
My very soul, my ev'ry pow'r, is her's.
But the cold maid, whene'er I plead my passion,
Chills me with sighs, and stifles all my flame
Of love with streaming tears. Benignant
Heav'n!

Bless'd as I am with royal Edward's favour,
Add Mariana's charms—and all beyond,
Let mad ambition grapple for, and gain. [*Exit.*]

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE, *the English Camp.*

Enter Salisbury and Chandos, meeting.

CHANDOS.

GOOD-morrow, Salisbury, yon rising sun,
As was your wish, behold us here encamp'd
Upon the plains of Poitiers.

Sal. Noble Chandos,

It was my wish; a wish for England's honour.
To Frenchmen, whom so much we've aw'd
and humbled,
Methinks I would not give the least pretence
For arrogance and boasting.

Enter Warwick.

War. Valiant lords,
Wild consternation reigns! Our scouts have
brought
Intelligence the enemy surrounds us!
By sudden, secret marches, they have drawn
Their troops from ev'ry fertile province hither,
And cut off our retreat.

Sal. Why then we'll fight them.

War. Most fatal was our yesterday's advice,
But 'tis his highness' will we straight to counsel:
Haste, good my Lords, for on a single hour,
Perhaps a minute, now our fate depends.

Sal. I'll not believe the French will dare
attack us,

How

How great foe'er their numbers. But with
words

We will not waste the time that may be
precious ;

Then to the prince's tent, my Lords, away.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to a private Tent.

Enter Arnold, leading Mariana.

Arn. Now, lovely captive, wilt thou doubly
triumph !

The happier cause of France at length prevails,
And we are all undone.

Mar. What mean you, Arnold ?

Arn. Encircled here by thy whole country's
force,

Unable to sustain their fierce assault,
And all retreat cut off, we have no prospect
But that of total slaughter.

Mar. Hear me, Heav'n !

Who oft hast witness'd to the silent tears,
Stream'd down in gratitude for gen'rous treat-
ment ;

Now witness (spite of all my country suffers)
That these descend in pity for my foes.

Arn. The fatal accident again restores thee

To liberty, and safety, while from me

It cuts away all hopes of happiness.

I wish not to outlive the bloody hour

Must give thee to thy father, whose abhorrence
Of all that's English soon will interpose,

And plunge my soul for ever in despair.
 Let then thy fancy image what I feel!—
 Grief chokes the very passages of vent—
 And I want utterance for—

Mar. There is no need.

I know thy heart, know all its tender feelings,
 Know what sad tumults doubts and fears create,
 If to thy eloquence of words and looks,
 My virgin modesty and captive state
 Have hitherto forbid my tongue to answer,
 Yet sure my eyes have told my heart was thine,
 But now, away with fears and forms; distress
 Bears me above restraint, and I will own
 To heav'n, to earth, to thee, my father,
 country,

That Arnold is most dear, most precious to me!

Arn. Hold, my transported heart!—Thou
 heav'nly maid—

What raptures rush at that enchanting sound!—
 Happy as I am now, destruction, come,
 O'erwhelm me in this moment of my bliss;
 Ne'er let me pine in hopeless anguish more,
 But die thus clasp'd in Mariana's arms.

Mar. And will our fate—will cruel fate
 divide us?

Arn. Oh, do not name it! With the very
 thought

Frenzy assaults me. No, we must not, cannot,
 Will not be parted—No—

Mar. Alas! I fear

The choice will not be ours. A father's pow'r,
 If France prevails, for ever tears thee from me.
 And must they conquer?—Oh, I find, I feel,
 I've lost already all regard for France:
 England's my country, any country's mine

That

That gives me but my safety and my love——
Inform me—tell me—is there no escaping?

Arn. Thou wilt need none. For me and for
the rest,

We have, alas! no prospect but of——

Mar. Stop!

Nor dare inflame a wild imagination,
Lest madness follow! 'midst relentless foes,
Methinks I see thee fall! Behold them
strike!——

I hear thy groans! I see thy gushing blood!
Oh, save me from the horror!——Let us
fly!——

Let us away this moment!——Let us——

Arn. Whither?

Where can we fly? All hope of flight is lost,
There is no possibility——

Mar. There is,
Let us, while yet occasion will permit,
Fly to my father.

Arn. Father!

Mar. He'll protect us.

Arn. Protect us!—Dire protection!—at the
thought

My blood runs chill! and horror quite unmans
me.

Mar. Think on the dangers that you brave
by staying.

Arn. Think, rather, on that hell that I
should merit

By such desertion——

Mar. Dost thou tremble?

Then what should I, a helpless woman, do?

Imagine that! and if thou art a man,

Feel for what I may suffer.

Arn.

Arn. Suffer!—Thou?

Mar. Yes, Arnold, I! The woes that I
 ' may suffer,
 ' Amongit the deadly dealings of the field,
 ' Some well-aim'd weapon, through a bleeding
 ' wound,
 ' May set thy soul at liberty for ever:
 ' While I (of mortals though the most un-
 ' done)
 ' Wanting all means of honourable death,
 ' Must suffer woes beyond description dreadful.
 ' What are my friends, my father, or my
 ' country!
 ' Cold are the comforts that they all can give;
 ' When thou, dear darling of my heart, art
 ' lost.
 ' Pleasure and hope, and peace will perish with
 ' thee,
 ' And this forlorn, this joyless bosom, then
 ' Become the dreary mansion of despair.
 ' Shall I not rave, blaspheme and rend my
 ' locks?
 ' Devote the hour that gave me birth? and
 ' curse
 ' The sun and time, the world, myself and
 ' thee?
 ' 'Till frenzy prompting, 'against some dun-
 ' geon wall
 ' I dash my burning brains to finish torture.;

Arn. Do not awake, thou lovely pleader,
 do not,

Such tumult-working thoughts within a mind
 On madness verging.

Mar. Let us then away.

Arn. Oh, not for worlds!—Not worlds
 should bribe me to it.

Mar.

Mar. And wilt thou urge thou lov'st me?
Arn. More than life;
Mar. By Heav'n, 'tis false: the spirit that's
within thee,
Is not of worth to harbour ought so noble.

Arn. Will daring even to die convince thee?

Mar. No:
Death is a coward's refuge. Dare to live;
Dare wretchedness,—Reproach

Arn. No more, no more—
Tempt me no more in vain—

Mar. Art thou so fix'd?

Arn. As fate—

Mar. I've done.

Arn. Then why that angry look?

Mar. It is a curse entail'd upon the sex,
To have our counsel scorn'd, or love despis'd.
Go to thy ruin—to my ruin go—
I give thee up—and all my hopes for ever.

Arn. Let but reason
Weigh the dire consequence of such a flight.

Mar. The consequence! Why, what do
you forsake
But certain slaughter?

Arn. Horrid,—damning thought!

Mar. I hop'd my risking wretchedness for
love,

Would have provok'd some emulation—

Arn. Oh!

Mar. But thou art poor, the hero of pre-
tence;

And therefore thus—for ever—

Arn. Take me, lead—

No, stop!—it surely was some Siren's voice

Would lure me to destruction—Off!—stand
off!

Thou!

Thou! thou art she that would ensnare my soul,
 Ruin my peace, and sacrifice my fame.
 But timely be advis'd: forbear to urge
 A deed that all the earth would scorn me for,
 All hell want plagues to punish.

Mar. Be undone—

Arn. Undone I am, whatever course I take—
 Dreadful alternative! Despair, or death,
 Or everlasting shame!

Mar. I did not pause:
 I chose, for Arnold's love to hazard all
 To suffer, if misfortune were our lot,
 And never once reproach him or repine.
 But he rejects such truth, such tenderness—

Arn. Oh, hear me, help me, save me, sacred
 pow'rs.
 Reach out thy hand to save me ere I sink:
 Oh, what a deprivation of all pow'rs!
 Lead me to my tent—I beg thee lead—
 Oh, boasted manhood how I feel thy weakness.

[*Exeunt.*]

*The SCENE opening, discovers a magnificent
 pavilion, in which King John appears seated in
 state. On stools, below him, sit the Dauphin,
 Dukes of Berry, Anjou, Tourain and Orleans,
 Athens, Sens, Ribemont, Charney, Lords,
 Attendants and Guards all standing.*

King. At length, we've caught these lions in
 our toils,
 These English spoilers, who through all our
 Have mark'd their way with rapine, flames and
 slaughters;
 Now, by my sacred diadem, I swear,
 Beyond a conqueror's joy my pleasure swells,

For

For that my foes have wrought their own confusion, [them.

And found misfortunes where they meant to deal
What say you, Lords, must softning pity-sway?
Or shall we glut our vengeance with their blood?

Char. Heav'n gives them up the victims of
your wrath;

Indulge it, then, to their destruction. Mercy
Would mark your majesty the foe of France.
Your bleeding county cries for retribution:
I join it, with a voice by woes enfeebled;
Hear, feel and strike in such a moving cause,
The cause of wrongs, of wounds, of weeping
age!

The widow'd bride, the childless father calls:
Oh, hear, redress,—revenge us, royal Sir,
For vengeance now is in your pow'r to grant.

Rib. Anger and hatred are disgraceful motives,

Calm dignity should ever counsel kings,
And govern all their actions. When they strike,
It ne'er should be to gratify resentment,
But, like the arm omnipotent of heav'n,
To further justice: to create an awe
May terrify from evil:—better minds—
Rectify and benefit society!

Ath. The nuncio,
Who follow'd fast your majesty to Poitiers,
Hath sent to claim an audience in behalf
Of yon endanger'd English.

Sen. Do not hear him.

King. Say, Lord Archbishop, wherefore,
should we not?

Sen. Knowing your godlike and forgiving
nature,

I fear 'twill rob you of much martial glory:

Else

Else might your fame in arms, for this day's
action,

Rival the boasts of Macedon or Rome!
And sure your valiant soldiers will repine,
To have the laurels, now so near their grasp,
Snatch'd from their hopes for ever.

Rib. Abject minion! [*Aside*
How shameful to that habit are such flatteries.

King. Yes, I well know my soldiers pant,
impatient

To seize this feeble quarry. But our foes,
I must remind you, are so close beset,
That famine soon will throw them on your
mercy. [*fight?*

Princes and Lords, what cause have we to
Why should we waste a drop of Gallic blood,
When conquest may be ours on cheaper terms?

Dauph. But will it suit the glory of your arms
To wait their inclination to surrender?

Or ev'n to grant such parley, as might plume
Their saucy pride t' expect capitulation?

Oh, no, my royal father, rush at once,
O'erwhelm them, crush them, finish them by
slaughter.

Rib. Think not, prince Dauphin, they'll e'er
stoop for terms:

Believe me, we have rather cause to expect
A fierce attack, to cut their passage through,
Or perish in the attempt. I know them well,
In many a field have try'd their stubborn spirit;
Have won some honour—by their king tho'
vanquish'd:

And when I ponder their intrepid courage,
How much they dare to suffer and attempt,
I'm lost in wonder! and no Cressy need
To make me tremble to provoke their fury.

Dauph.

Dauph. Your tongue, the herald of your
vanity,

Methinks, is loud in what were better lost
To all remembrance—a disgraceful tale.
To boast of honours from a victor's bounty,
Is stooping low—is taking abject fame.
If you have valour, give it manly sway,
Busy your sword—but let your tongue be silent.

Rib. My talent never 'twas to idly vaunt—

King. No more of this—presumptuous
Ribemont.

Princes and Lords, we are yet undetermin'd.
I've sent a spy, of known abilities,
To find out the condition of our foes;
From whose report, in council, we'll resolve
On measures that may promise most success.
Mean time, do you inform the Nuncio, Athens,
His audience shall be granted. Lords, lead on.

[*Exeunt King, Prince, &c.*]

Rib. What boasts made I?—

I told the truth, and wherefore then this taunt?
Shame on such modesty! The King, just now,
Nice as he seems in breeding and in forms,
With patience heard a supple, fawning priest—
Strip all the shrines of fam'd antiquity,
Ev'n made great Cæsar and the son of Philip
Resign their laurels to his nobler claim:
By Heav'n, 'twould make an honest stomach
heave

To see a throat, so squeamish for another,
Open and gulph a potion down, enough
To poison half mankind.

Ath. Brave Ribemont,
The King's distaste was that you prais'd his foes,
To talk of Cressy and of Edward's feats,
Was to remind him of our crown's disgrace;

C

'Twas

'Twas to proclaim what we should wish forgotten,
Our slaughter'd armies, and our monarch's flight.

Rib. What, are our ears too delicate for truth?

If English valour has disgrac'd our arms,
Instead of mean forgetting, we should stamp
The hated image stronger on our minds;
For ever murmur and for ever rage,
Till thence eras'd by nobler feats of arms.
Such are my thoughts, and such my resolution:
I share our country's scandal, and would join
My sword, my blood, to purge away the stain.

Ath. Here, then, occasion meets that patriot-
with;

Here, you may help to blanch our sully'd glory.

Rib. I differ, Athens, widely in opinion;
The harvest is too thin, the field too bare
To yield the reapers honour. ' On my soul,
' I pity the brave handful we encircle,
' And almost wish myself an Englishman
' To share a fate so noble.

Ath. Gallant spirit!

Rib. Would our exulting King acquire re-
nown,

Let him reduce his numbers down to theirs.
Then sword to sword, and shield to shield, oppose,
In equal strife, these wond'rous sons of war;
There conquest would be glorious! But, as now,
With all our thousands and ten thousands join'd,
By Heaven! 'tis most infamous to fight.

Ath. I must away; my duty calls me hence.
I must applaud this generous regard
For a brave people that have done you honour;

Convinc'd

Convinc'd, whene'er you face these fearless foes,
You'll fight them warmly as you've prais'd——

Rib. Farewell—On my soul,
I pity the brave handful we encircle
And almost wish myself an Englishman,
To share a fate so noble. [Exeunt severally.

SCENE *changes to the English Camp.*

Enter Audly and Chandos, meeting.

Aud. You're well encounter'd, Chandos,
where's the prince?

Chan. Directing the entrenchments:
While with the meanest soldier he partakes
In ev'ry toil! inspiring, by example,
A glorious zeal and spirit through the camp.

Aud. Yet feels he, as the father of our host,
For every man's misfortune, but his own.
Thrice have I seen him, in successive rounds,
Kindle new courage in each drooping heart,
And drive all fear, all diffidence, away:
Yet on the task would tenderness intrude,
As dangers stole and imagin'd on his mind:
When, pausing, he would turn his head aside,
Heave a sad sigh, and drop a tender tear.

Enter Salisbury.

Chan. Well, what says Salisbury?

Sal. Why, faith, but little:
It is yon Frenchmen's place to talk at present.

Aud. What are their numbers?

Chan. Full an hundred thousand.

Sal. Ours but some eight:—great odds, my friends! No matter; the more will be our glory when we've beat them.

Chan. The prince approaches, Lords!

Enter Prince and Warwick.

Prince. Hah! saidst thou, Warwick!
Arnold gone over to the foe?

War. He is.

A trusty spy brought the intelligence,
Who saw him entering the adverse camp,
Leading his captive charge.

Prince. Impossible!

War. I've search'd his quarters since, myself,
and there

Nor he nor Mariana can be found.

Prince. What has a prince that can attract or
bind

The faith of friends, the gratitude of servants?
Blush, greatness, blush! Thy pow'r is all but poor,
Too impotent to bind one bosom to thee—
A blow like this I was not arm'd to meet—
It pierces to my soul.

Sal. All righteous Heav'n,
Reward the villain's guilt?—Believe not, Prince,
Throughout our host, another can be found
That worlds would buy to such a base revolt.

Prince. I hope it; will believe it, Salisbury.
Yet must lament that one has prov'd so worth-
less.—

I lov'd him too!—But since he has forgot
The ties of duty, gratitude, and honour,
Let us forget an Englishman could break them,
And

And losing his remembrance, lose the shame.

[*To Centinels.*

My Lords, I have dispatches in my hand,
 Advising that the nuncio-cardinal,
 Good Perigot, is now arriv'd at Poitiers,
 And means to interpose in our behalf.

Aud. His interposing is a gen'rous office,
 And I applaud it; but believe me, Prince,
 Our foes will rate their mercy much too high.
 I'd hope as soon a tiger, tasting blood,
 Can feel compassion, and release his prey,
 As that a Frenchman will forego advantage.

Prince. I've by the messenger that brought
 my letters,
 Sent him the terms on which I warrant treating.
 The sum is, my consent to render back
 The castles, towns, and plunder we have taken,
 Since marching out of Bourdeaux: and to
 plight

My faith, that I, for seven succeeding years,
 Will wield no hostile sword against their crown.

Sal. It is too much, my Prince, it is too
 much.

Give o'er such traffic for inglorious safety.
 Or let us die, or conquer.

Prince. Salisbury,
 Rely upon a prince and soldier's promise.
 That caution shan't betray us into meanness,
 Heav'n knows, for me, I value life so little,
 That I would spend it as an idle breath,
 To serve my king, my country, nay, my friend.
 But sure the voice of Heav'n and cry of Nature,
 Are loud against the sacrifice of thousands
 To giddy rashness. Oh! reflect, my friends,
 I have a double delegated trust,
 And must account to Heav'n and to my father,
 For lives ignobly sav'd, or madly lost.

'Till Perigort shall therefore bring their terms,
Suspend we all resolves, but those receiv'd :
Determination must be expeditious :
For know our stock of stores will barely reach
To furnish out the present day's subsistence,

Aud. If so, necessity, the last sad guide
Of all misfortune's children, will command.

Chan. We must submit to what wise Heav'n
decrees.

Prince. Let that great duty but direct the
mind,

And men will all be happily resign'd :
Accept whate'er the Almighty deigns to give,
And die contented, or contented live :
Embrace the lot his Providence ordains,
If deck'd with laurels, or depress'd with chains,
Inur'd to labour, or indulg'd with rest,
And think each movement he decrees, the best

[*Exeunt.*

END of the SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE, *the French Camp.*

Enter Athens and Ribemont.

RIBEMONT.

LORD Constable, I was not in the presence
When Perigort had audience of the king,
Inform me, for I wish to know, does peace
Her olive-garland weave ? Or must the sword
Be kept unsheath'd, and blood-fed vengeance
live?

At.

Alth. The King expecting me, I cannot tarry
 To let your Lordship know particulars ;
 But the good father. who ev'n now set forward,
 Carries such terms as, from my soul, I wish
 Young Edward may accept: for 'tis resolv'd
 If they're rejected, instant to attack them.
 Yonder's the fugitive, I see advancing,
 Who left their camp this morning. If we fight,
 And you have there a friend you wish to save,
 This man may point you to his post. Farewel.
 [*Exit.*]

Ribemont, Solus,
 This man—By heav'n, there's treason in
 his aspect !
 That chearless gloom, those eyes that pore on
 earth,
 That bended body, and those folded arms,
 Are indications of a tortur'd mind,
 And blazon equal villainy and shame.
 In what a dire condition is the wretch,
 Who, in the mirror of reflection, sees
 The hideous stains of a polluted soul !——
 To corners then, as does the loathsome toad,
 He crawls in silence : there sequester'd lies
 Hating himself, and fearing fellowship.

Enter Arnold, musing.

Arn. What have I done ! And where is my
 reward ?
 Charney withholds his daughter from my arms,
 My flatter'd recompence for—Hold, my brain !
 Thought that by timely coming might have
 sav'd me,
 Is now too late, when all its office serves
 But to awaken horror ! [*Aside.*]

Rib. I'll accost him.——
 Are you an Englishman ?

Arn.

Arn. I had that name,
(Oh, killing question)—but have lost it now.

Rib. Lost it indeed!

Arn. Illustrious Ribemont!

(For was your person less rever'd and known
By every son of Britain, on your brow
That splendid token of renown you wear,
Would be your herald)—Pity if you can,
A wretch—the most undone of all mankind.

Rib. I much mistake your visage, or I've
seen you

In near attendance on the Prince of Wales.

Arn. I was indeed,—(Oh, scandal to confess it)

I was his follower, was his humble friend;
He favour'd, cherish'd,—lov'd me!—Heav'nly
pow'rs!

How shall I give my guilty story utterance!—
Level your fiery bolts!—Transfix me here!—
Or hurl me headlong to the hell I merit.

Rib. Invoke no pow'r, a conscience such as
thine

Is hell enough for mortal to endure.
But let me ask thee, for my wonder prompts me,
What bait affords the world, that could induce
thee

To wrong so godlike and so good a master?

Arn. True, he is all, is godlike, and is good!
Edward, my royal master, is indeed
A prince beyond example! Yet your heart,
If it has ever felt the power of beauty,
Must mitigate the crime of raging love.

Rib. Love!—Thou lost wretch!—And
could so frail a fire

Consume whate'er was great and manly in thee?

Blot

Blot virtue out, and root each nobler passion
Forth from thy mind? The thirst of bright
renown?

A patriot fond affection for thy country?
Zeal for thy monarch's glory? And the tie
Of sacred friendship—by the Prince ennobled?
Begone, and hide thy ignominious head,
Where human eye may never penetrate;
Avoid society, for all mankind
Will fly the fellowship of one like thee.

Arn. Heav'n! wherefore said'st thou that we
must not err,
And yet made woman?

Rib. Why accuse you Heav'n?
Curse your inglorious heart for wanting fire,
The fire that animates the nobly brave!
The fire that has renown'd the English name,
And made it such as ev'ry age to come
Shall strive to emulate—but never reach—
There thou wert mingled in a blaze of glory,
Great—to amazement great!—But now how
fall'n!

Ev'n to the vilest of all vassal vileness,
The despicable state of femal thralldom.

Arn. From letter'd story single out a man,
' However great in council or in fight,
' Who ne'er was vanquish'd by a woman's
' charms.

Rib. Let none stand forth, there is no
' cause they should!

' Beauty's a blessing to reward the brave;
' We take its transports in relief from toil,
' Allow its hour, and languish in its bonds:
' But that once ended, dignity asserts
' Its right in manhood, and our reason reigns?

Arn.

Ann. Untouch'd by passion, all may talk it well;

In speculation who was e'er unwise?

But appetites assault like furious storms,

O'erbearing all that should resist their rage,

'Till sinking reason's wreck'd; and then succeeds

A gloomy calm—in which reflection arms

Her scorpion brood—remorse, despair, and horror!

Rib. But could contrition ever yet restore
To radiant lustre a polluted fame?

'Or man, however merciful, forget

'That justice brands offenders for his scorn?'

Truth, the great touchstone of all human actions,

The fair foundation of applause or blame,

Has ting'd thy honour with too foul a stain,

For all repentant tears to wash away.

All eyes 'twill urge to dart their keen reproaches,

Each tongue to hiss, and ev'ry heart to heave

With indignation at thee.

Ann. All the pride,

That here should kindle into high resentment,

I find is gone! My spirit's sunk, debas'd!

My guilt unmans me—and I'm grown a coward.

[*Aside.*

Rib. The trumpets may awake; the clarions
on a swell,

That noble ardor thou no more canst feel,

Disgrac'd from soldier to a renegade.

Anon, while o'er the dreadful field we drive,

Or dealing deaths, or daring slaughter's swords!

Do thou at distance, like the dastard hare,

All trembling, seek thy safety. Thence away,

As fortune, or thy genius may direct,

Thy

Thy conscience thy companion. But be sure,
 Whatever land you burden with your weight,
 Whatever people you hereafter join,
 Tell but your tale, and they will all, like me,
 Pronounce you abject, infamous and hateful.

[Exit.]

Arn. Abject and hateful! — Infamous! —

I'm all! —

The world has not another monster like me:
 Nor hell in all its store of horrid evils,
 Beyond what I deserve? — Already here
 I feel the shafts, they rankle in my bosom;
 And active thought anticipates damnation.

Enter Mariana.

Mar. He's here! I've found my heart's com-
 panion out!

Rejoice, my Arnold, for my father softens;
 He half forgets his hatred to thy country,
 And bears with temper while I praise thy virtues. I
 We soon shall conquer. Hah! what mean
 those tears?

Why art thou thus?

Arn. And canst thou ask that question?
 Thou soft seducer, thou enchanting mischief,
 Give me again my innocence of soul,
 Give me my forfeit honour blanch'd anew,
 Cancel my treasons to my royal master,
 Restore me to my country's lost esteem,
 To the sweet hope of mercy from above,
 And the calm comforts of a virtuous heart.

Mar. Sure kindness should not construe into
 guilt
 My fond endeavours to preserve thee mine,
 Life,

Life, love and freedom are before you, all,
Embrace the blessings, and we yet are happy.

Arn. What, with a conscience sore and gall'd
like mine?

To stand the glance of scorn from ev'ry eye,
From ev'ry finger the indignant point?

' In ev'ry whisper hear my spreading shame,
' And groan and grovel a detested outcast ?

A taunting Frenchman, with opprobrious
tongue,

Pronounc'd me abject, infamous and hateful !
And yet I live—and yet you counsel life——

' The damn'd beneath might find or fancy ease,
' And fear to lose existence soon as I——'

No, —die I must—I will—but how, how,
how?——

You strive in vain to hold me.

Mar. Upon my knees—See, see these speak-
ing tears!

Arn. Be yet advis'd, nor urge me to an outrage.
Thy pow'r is lost—unhand me—then 'tis thus,
Thus I renounce thy beauties, thus thy guilt—
Life, love and treason I renounce for ever.

[*Exit.*

Mar. Then welcome death, distraction,
ev'ry curse !

Blast me, ye lightnings ! strike me, roaring
thunders !

Or let me tear, with my outrageous hands,
The peaceful bosom of the earth, and find
A refuge from my woes and life together. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

The Scene drawing discovers the P. of Wales seated in state in his Tent; at the entrance to which his Standard stands displayed; the device, three ostrich feathers, with the motto of ich dien. Warwick, Salisbury, Audley, Chandos, Nobles, Officers and Guards standing.

Prince. I've sent my Lords of Oxford, Suffolk, Cobham,
To meet the Nuncio, and conduct him hither;
From whom we may expect to hear the terms
On which the French will deign to give us safety.

[Trumpets.]

Chan. Those trumpets speak the Cardinal's arrival:
And see! the Lords conduct him to your presence.

[Trumpets.]

Enter three English Lords, preceding Cardinal Perigot and his retinue. On the Nuncio's bowing, the Prince advances from his seat, and embraces him.

Prince. Lord Cardinal, most welcome to my arms:
I greet you thus, as England's kindest friend,
D Misfortune's

Misfortune's refuge, and affliction's hope.
 It is an office worthy of your goodness,
 To step betwixt our danger and destruction,
 Striving to ward from threat'ned thousands here,
 The blow of fate.

Per. Grant, gracious Heav'n, I may!
 For, from my soul, great Prince, I wish your
 rescue ;

And have conditions from your foes to offer,
 Which, if accepted save ye.

Prince. We attend. [Takes his seat.]

Per. No art for mild persuasion in your cause
 Have I omitted ; but imperious France,
 Too fond of vengeance, and too vain of numbers,
 Insists on terms which only could be hop'd
 From such a scanty, unprovided host ;
 And prudence will direct, from many evils
 To chuse the lightest. Their conditions are,
 That, to the castles, towns, and plunder taken,
 And offer'd now by you to be restor'd,
 Your royal person, with an hundred knights,
 Are to be added pris'ners at discretion.

Prince. Ha ! pris'ners !
 [After a pause.] My good Lord Cardinal, what
 act of mine

Could ever usher to their minds a thought,
 That I would so submit ?

Per. Could I prescribe,
 You should yourself be umpire of the terms ;
 For well I know your noble nature such,
 That int'rest would be made the slave of honour.
 But to whate'er I urg'd, the King reply'd
 Remember Cressy's fight ! to us as fatal,
 As that of Cannæ to the Roman state,
 There fell two mighty kings, three sovereign
 princes,

Full

Full thirty thousand valiant men of arms,
 With all the flower of French nobility,
 And of their firm allies ; for which, (he cried,
 What can redeem the glory of my Crown,
 But to behold those victors in our chains ?---)
 It is a bitter potion ; but reflect,
 That royal John is noble, and will treat
 Such foes with dignity, while fortune pays
 Less than the stock of fame his father lost.

Prince. Yes, Philip lost the battle with the odds
 Of three to one. In this, if they obtain it,
 They have our numbers more than twelve times
 told ;

‘ If we can trust report.’ And yet, my Lord,
 We’ll face those numbers, fight them, bravely fall,
 Ere stoop to linger loathsome life away

In infamy and bondage. Sir, I thank you---

I thank you from my soul, for these---for me----

‘ That we have met your wish to do us kindness :’

But for the terms our foes demand, we scorn

Such vile conditions, and defy their swords----

Tell them, my Lord, their hope’s too proudly
 plum’d ;

We will be conquer’d ere they call us captives.

Per. Famine or slaughter-----

Prince. Let them both advance

In all their horrid, most tremendous forms !

They’ll meet, in us, with men who’ll starve, bleed,
 die,

Ere wrong their country, or their own renown.

Sound, there, to arms !---My pious friend,
 farewell.

Disperse, my Lords, and spirit up the troops :

Divide the last remains of our provision---

We shall require no more ; for who survives

The

The fury of this day, will either find
Enough from booty---or a slave's allowance.

[*Lords going.*

Per. Stop, my Lords, and give a soul of meek-
ness scope,

In minutes of such peril. By the host
That circles Heaven's high throne, my bleeding
heart

Is touch'd with so much tenderness and pity,
I cannot yield ye to the dire decision.

Let me, once more, with ev'ry moving art,
Each soft persuasion, try the Gallic King :

Perhaps he may relent---permit the trial---

I would preserve such worth, Heaven knows I
would !

If hazard, labour, life, could buy your safety.

Prince. Lord Cardinal, your kindness quite
unmans me :

My mind was arm'd for every rough encounter ;

But such compassion saps my fortitude,

And forces tears---they flow not for myself,

But these endanger'd followers of my fortunes,

Whom I behold as fathers, brothers, friends,

Here link'd together by the graceful bonds

Of amity and honour : all to me

For ever faithful and for ever dear.

' The worth that rooted when my fortune smil'd,

' You see not ev'n adversity can shake :

Think it not weakness then that I lament them.

Per. It is the loveliest mark of royal virtue

'Tis what demands our most exalted praise,

Is worthy of yourself, and must endear

The best of princes to the best of people.

Till my return be hope your comforter :

If 'tis within the scope of human means,

I'll ward the blow.

Prince.

Prince. My Lord farewell.

[*Exit Perigort, attended as he came in.*]

*Manent Prince, Warwick, Salisbury, Audley,
Chandos, Nobles, Officers, and Guards.*

Aud. Well, Sir, how fare you now ?

Prince. Oh, never better !

I've run no mean, inglorious race ; and now,
If it must end, 'tis no unlucky time.

So to high characters a gallant death
Lends the best lustre, and enobles all.

Aud. Why, there, my Prince, you reach even
virtue's summit :

For this I love you with a fonder flame,
Than proud prosperity could e'er inspire.

Chan. An hundred of us, with your royal
person,
Deliver'd up their pris'ners at discretion !
The French have surely lost all modesty,
Or the remembrance of themselves and us.

Aud. But here, in my mind's tablet, there
remains

- A memorandum that might make them start,
- In this career of their presumptuous hope.
- Nine times the seasons scarce have danc'd their
rounds,
- Since the vain father of their present King,
- Philip, who stil'd himself his country's fortune,
- Gaudy and garnish'd, with a numerous host,
- Met our great Edward in the field of fight.
- I was one knight in that illustrious service,
- And urge I may, (for 'tis a modest truth)
- We made the Frenchmen tremble to behold us :
- Their King himself turn'd pale at our appearance,

And

• And thought his own trim troops, compar'd with
ours,

• Effeminated cowards----Such they prov'd :

• And since that day, what change in them or us,

• Can ground security on wond'rous odds ?

• The same undaunted spirits dare the combat ;

• The same tough sinews and well-temper'd blades

• Again shall mow them down, like autumn corn,

• Another harvest of renown and glory.

• *Chan.* There the brave monarch of Bohemia
strove,

• In vain, to kindle valour in their Hearts :

• He fought, he fell----when our victorious Prince

• Seiz'd his gay banner, with yon boast---I

SEIZE---

[*Pointing to the Prince's Standard.*

• Which, now more suited to his princely charge,

• Triumphantly, as conqueror, he wears ;

• And, in his honour, England's eldest hope

• Shall ever wear it to the end of time.'

Sal. Now, as I live, I wish we were at work,
And almost fear the Nuncio may succeed.

Methinks we should not lose the bless'd occasion,

Or for surpassing ev'ry former conquest,

Or gaining glorious death, immortal fame.

Prince. Then set we here ill-fortune at defiance,

• Secure, at least, of never fading honour.'

Oh, my brave leaders!

Let us infuse that fortitude of soul,

To all but England's daring sons unknown!

• Firm as the stately oak, our island's boast,

• Which fiercest hurricanes assault in vain,

• We'll stand the driving tempest of their fury.

• And who shall shake our martial glories from
us?

• Yon puny Gauls? They ne'er have done it yet,

• Nor

' Nor shall they now—Oh, never will we wrong
 ' So far ourselves and our renown'd forefathers !
 Here part we, Lords ; attend your sev'ral duties.
 Audley, distribute thro' the camp provisions——
 Keep ev'ry soldier's spirits in a glow,
 Till from the French this final message comes :
 Then, if their pride denies us terms of honour,
 We'll rush outrageous on their vaunting numbers ;
 And teach them, that with souls resolv'd, like ours,
 Ev'n desperation points the way to conquest.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

*The French Camp.**Enter Ribemont.*

RIBEMONT.

THE troops, array'd, stand ready to advance ;
 And this short pause, this silent interval,
 With awful horror strikes upon my soul----
 I know not whence it comes, but till this moment,
 Ne'er did I feel such heaviness of heart.
 Fear, thou art still a stranger here ; and Death
 Have I oft seen in ev'ry form he wears ;
 Defy'd him, fac'd him, never fled him yet :
 Nor has my conscience since contracted guilt,
 The parent of dismay---then whence is this ?
 Perhaps 'tis pity for yon hopeless host---
 Pity ! for what ?---The brave despise our pity ;
 For death, encounter'd in a noble cause,
 Comes, like the gracious lord of toiling hinds,
 To end all labours, and bestow reward.
 Then let me shake this lethargy away---
 By Heav'n, it wo' not off !---The sweat of death

Is

Is on me---a cold tremor shakes my joints---
 My feet seem riveted---my blood congeals---
 Almighty Pow'rs! --Thou ever awful form!
 Why art thou present?---Wherefore?---What, a
 sigh!

Oh, smile of sweet relief!--If aught from
 Heav'n

A mortal ear be worthy to----Again

That piteous action! that dejected air!--

Speak out the cause---I beg thee, speak---'tis
 gone!--

' Yet would I gaze, by such enchantment
 bound----

' Thou pleasing, dreadful vision!--Oh, return!
 Unfold thy errand, tho' I die with hearing----

Enter Athens.

Ath. You're well encounter'd Ribemont; the
 King,

Ere this has Edward's answer;

What means this, Ribemont?---Thou'rt lost in
 thought!

Rib. Athens!--I am unsoldiered; I'm un-
 mann'd----

Wonder you may, my noble friend; for see,
 I shake, I tremble---

Ath. Say, at what?

Rib. Why--nothing.

Ath. Should the vast host that here are rang'd
 for battle,

(Warm with impatience, eager for the fray)

Behold that Ribemont alone has fear,

What

What wonder would it cause ! For thou, of all,
Art sure deservingly the most renown'd.
Come, be thyself---For shame !----

Rib. Believe me, Athens,
I am not stricken with a coward's feeling :
Not all yon army to this sword oppos'd,
Should damp my vigour, or depress my heart.
This morn a melancholy seiz'd my soul,
A sinking ; whence I knew not ; till, at length,
My father's image to my sight appear'd,
And struck me motionless.

Ath. 'Twas only fancy.

Rib. Oh, no, my Athens ! plainly I beheld
My father in the habit that he wore
When, with paternal smiles, he hung this weapon
Upon this soldier's thigh, bidding me use it
With honour, only in my country's cause.
Within my mind I treasur'd up the charge,
And sacred to the soldier's public call
Have worn it ever. Wherefore then this visit ?
' Why, in that garb in which he fix'd my fortune,
' And charg'd me to repay his care with glory ?'
If 'tis an omen of impending guilt,
O, soul of him I honour, once again
Come from thy heav'n, and tell me what it is,
Lest erring ignorance undo my fame.

Ath. Nought but a waking dream ; a vapour'd
brain.

Rib. Once his pale visage seem'd to wear a smile,
A look of approbation, not reproof ;
But the next moment, with uplifted hands
And heaving bosom, sadly on the earth
He turn'd his eyes, and sorely seem'd to weep.
Then, shaking with a mournful glance his head,
He melted into air.

Ath.

Ath. Pr'ythee, no more-----

To-morrow we will laugh at the delusion.

Rib. To-morrow ! Oh, that mention of to-morrow !

There are opinions, Athens, that our friends
Can pass the boundaries of nature back,
To warn us when the hour of death is nigh.
If that thy business was, thou awful shade !
I thank thee, and this interval of life,
However short, with Heaven vouchsafe me yet,
I will endeavour as I ought to spend.

Ath. See, thro' yon clouds of dust, with how
much speed

The Nuncio hastens to the English camp !
Perhaps the terms for safety are agreed ;
Then where's the meaning of thy fancy'd vision ?

Rib. No matter where ; my spirits are grown
light :

' Returning vigour braces up again
' My nerves and sinews to their wonted tone.
' My heart beats freely, and, in nimble rounds,
' The streams of life pursue their ready course.
' Lead on ; our duty calls us the King.'

Again the bright'ning fires of glory blaze :

Yes, virtue calls, and Ribemont obeys.

Yes, Athens, yet, amid the fierce alarms,

Where Edward thunders in vindictive arms,

Shalt thou behold me, in my country's cause,

Rise in renown, or perish with applause.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Changes to the Prince of Wales's Tent.

Enter Prince, Chandos, and Attendants, meeting Audley.

Prince. Well, Audley, are the soldiers all refresh'd?

Aud. All: and altho' perchance their last of meals,

It seem'd so chearful as surpass'd my hope;
Still joining hands, as off they drain'd the bowl,
Success to England's arms, was all the cry.
At length a hoary ver'ran rais'd his voice,
And thus address'd his fellows: Courage brothers!
The French have never beat us, nor shall now.
Our great Third Edward's fortune waits our arms;
And his brave son, whose formidable helmet
Nods terror to our foes, directs the fight.
In his black armour, we will soon behold him.
Piercing their throng'd battalions--Shall not we,
At humble distance, emulate his ardor,
And gather laurels to adorn his triumph?-----
Then did they smile again, shake hand and shout;
While, quite transported at the pleasing sight,
I wept insensible with love and joy.

Prince. I too could weep--Oh, Audley, Chandos,
there.

There rest I all my hope!----My honest soldiers,
I know will do their duty.

Enter

Enter Gentleman.

Gen. Royal Sir,

A person, muffled in a close disguise,
Arriv'd this instant from the adverse camp.
As he reports, solicits to receive
An audience of your Highness, and alone.

Prince. Retire, my Lords-----Conduct him
straightway in. *[Exit Gent.]*

Chan. Your Highness will not trust yourself
unguarded.

It may be dangerous. Consider, Sir---

Prince. Caution is now my slave, and fear I
scorn:

This is no hour for idle apprehensions.

[Ex. Lords, &c.]

Enter Arnold in a disguise, which he throws off.

Your business, Sir, with---Arnold!---Get thee
hence.

Arn. Behold a wretch laid prostrate at your feet,
His guilty neck ev'n humbled to the earth;
Tread on it, Sir---it is most fit your should.
I am unworthy life, nor hope compassion---
But could not die till here I'd stream'd my tears,
In token of contrition, pain and shame.

Prince. Up, and this instant from my sight re-
move,

Ere indignation urges me to pay
Thy horrid treasons with a traitor's fate.

Arn. Death if I'd fear'd, I had not ventur'd
hither;

E

Conscious

Conscious I merit all you can inflict :
 Thus, on my knees, lay I my life before you,
 Nor ask remission of the heavy sentence.
 Your justice must pronounce. Yet, royal Sir,
 One little favour let me humbly hope :
 (And may the blessing of high Heav'n repay it !)
 'Tis when you shall report my crime and suffering,
 Only to add—He gave himself to death,
 The voluntary victim of remorse.—

m I rejected in my low petition.

Prince. Rise, Arnold—Thou wert long my chosen servant :

An infant-fondness was our early tie ;
 But with our years (companions as we liv'd)
 Affection rooted, and esteem grew love.
 ' Nor was my soul a niggard to thy wishes :
 ' There set no sun but saw my bounty flow.
 ' No hour scarce past unmark'd by favour from me.
 ' The prince and master yet I set apart,
 ' And singly here arraign thee in the friend.'
 Was it for thee, in fortune's first assault,
 ' Amidst these thousands, all by far less favour'd,
 To be the man, the only to forsake me?
 Was it for thee, *in whom my heart delighted,*
Was it for thee, ' for thee to seek my foe;
 ' And take thy safety from the means that sunk
 ' The man of all the world that lov'd thee most?'—
 In spite of me my eyes will overflow,
 And I must weep the wrongs I should revenge.

Arn. Tears for such guilt as mine ! Oh, blasting sight !

Cover me, mountains—hide me and my shame !—
 A traitor's fate would here be kind relief
 From the excessive anguish I endure.

Prince. Having thus fairly stated our account,
 How great's the balance that appears against thee !
 And

And what remains?—I will not more reproach thee.
 Love thee I must not, and 'twere guilt to pity.
 All that with honour I can grant is this:
 Live—but remove for ever from my sight.
 If I escape the dangers that surround me,
 I must forget that Arnold e'er had being:
 I must forget, in pity to mankind,
 (Lest it should freeze affection in my heart)
 That e'er such friendship met with such return.

Arn. Great Sir, (forgive intrusion on your goodness)
 My boon you have mistaken, life I ask'd not;
 'Twas but to witness to the deep remorse,
 That with a harpy's talons tears my bosom.
 ' Love the pernicious pois'ner of my honour,
 ' In poor atonement's sacrific'd already,
 ' And life, devoted as the all I've left,
 ' I'm ready now and resolute to pay.'
 But as my miseries have touch'd your soul,
 And gain'd remission of a traitor's fate,
 Oh, add one favour, and compleat my wishes!
 To the dear country that must scorn my name,
 (Tho I still love it as I honour you)
 Permit my sword to lend its little aid,
 To pay a dying tribute—Grant but that,
 And I will weep my gratitude with blood.

Prince. Stain'd and polluted as my eyes behold
 thee,
 Honour no longer can endure thy sight.
 If 'tis in valour to accomplish it,
 Redeem thy reputation; but if not,
 To fall in fight will be thy happiest hope.

Away, nor more reply.

Arn. Exalted goodness!

[*Exit.*

Prince.

Prince. If passions conquer'd are our noblest boasts,

Misruling Anger, ever mad Revenge,
And thou, too partial biaser, Affection,
Confess I once have acted as I ought. [*Trumpets.*
Ha! by those trumpets, sure the Nuncio's come.

[*A Gentleman appears and retires.*

Who's there?—Acquaint the Lords I wish to see them.

' Now does the medley war begin to work :

' A thousand hopes and fears all crowd upon me !'

Enter Warwick, Salisbury, Audley, Chandos,

Oh, welcome, friends ! But, hark ! the Cardinal.
[*Trumpets.*

Enter Cardinal Perigott, attended.

Well, gen'rous advocate, we wait our doom.

Per. Prepare, prepare for an immediate battle :
Inflexible is France in her demands,
And all my pray'rs and tears have prov'd in vain.

Prince. Lord Cardinal, ' may righteous Heav'n
reward

' The pious charity of soul you've shewn.'
If France insists so high, it shall be try'd ;
The desp'rate chance of battle shall be try'd —
The Fates attend, the balance is prepar'd,
And whosoe'er shall have the lot to mount,
May Heav'n stretch wide its everlasting doors,
And give them happy entrance all !

Per. Illustrious Prince, and you his noble fol-
lowers,

Remains there aught that I can do to serve ye ?
My functions suits not with a field of slaughter ;
In Poitiers, therefore, must I seek my safety.

There,

There, while the battle rages, round and round
 My beads shall drop to pray'rs, that ev'ry saint
 Will succour and support the English arms.
 But should the fortune of your foes prevail,
 And leave you victims to immortal honour,
 The pious offices I'll make my own,
 O'er ev'ry grave to breathe a thousand blessings,
 And water all your ashes with my tears.

Prince. My gentle friend, such goodness will re-
 nown you.

Per. Take from my hand, my heart, my very
 soul, *[They bow.]*

My amplest benediction to you all.

I now can stifle in my tears no longer——

Oh, gallant Prince, farewell to all.

Heav'n guard your lives, and give your arms success.

[Exit with his Attendants.]

*[On the Cardinal's going out, the Prince and Lords
 continue for some time fixed and mute.]*

Aud. You loiter, Sir. Our enemies advance,
 And we're in no array.

Prince. My thoughts were absent. Away, dis-
 patch——

Marshal the army by the plan I gave,

Then march it straight up to this eminence,

Whence I'll endeavour to inflame their zeal,

And fit them for the toils this day demands.

Now does the medley war begin to work;

A thousand hopes and fears begin to crowd upon me.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Changes to another part of the English Camp.

Enter Arnold meeting Mariana,

Arn. Ha! Mariana!—When will torture end!

Mar. How shall I stand the shock of his reproaches! [*Aside.*]

Arn. Why art thou here! Oh, why, unhappy maid?

Mar. Since my too fatal rashness wrought thy ruin,

'Tis fit, at least, that I should share it with thee.
Therefore, my friends, my father, and my country,

I have forsook for ever, and am come
To claim a portion here in all you suffer.

Arn. Return again, I beg thee, I conjure thee,
By all the wond'rous love that fir'd our hearts,
• And wrought—But let not that be more re-

member'd
• If thou hast wish for happiness or peace,
Go to thy father back, and think no more
Of a lost wretch, who hastens to oblivion.

Mar. Request it not; I never will forsake thee:
One fortune shall conduct, one fate involve us.
I'll shew the world that my unhappy crime
Was neither child of treachery or fear;
But love, love only: and the guilt it caus'd,
As I inspir'd, I'll share its punishment.

Arn. you cannot, nay, you must not—think not
of it.

You broke no faith; I only was to blame.

Be

Be timely, then, in thy retreat ; and Heav'n,
And all good angels guard thee ! On thy lips
I'll seal my fervent pray'rs for blessings on thee.

[*Kisses her.*]

Oh, what a treasure does my soul give up,
A sacrifice to honour—

That trumpet summons me ! I must away.

Oh: measure by thy own the pangs I feel ! [*Exit.*]

Mar. Then they are mighty ; not to be expressed ;

Not to be borne, nor ever to be cur'd

That raven trumpetsounds the knell of death !

Behold—the dreadful, bloody work begins—

What ghastly wounds ! what piteous, piercing shrieks !

Oh, stop that fatal faulchion ! if it falls,

It kills my Arnold !—Save him, save him, save—

Exit running.

SCENE. VII

Changes to a rural Eminence, with the distant Prospect of a Camp.

Enter Prince.

Prince. The hour advances, the decisive hour,

That lifts me to the summit of renown,

Whom dangers fortify, and toils inspire,

What has a leader not to hope ? And yet

The weight of apprehensions sinks me down.

O Soul of nature, great, eternal Cause, [*Kneels.*]

Who gave and govern'st all that's here below !

'Tis by the aid of thy almighty arm

The weak exist, the virtuous are secure.

If to your sacred laws obedient ever,

My sword, my soul, have own'd no other guide ;

Oh, if your honour, if the rights of men,

My

My country's happiness, my king's renown,
 Were motives worthy of a warrior's zeal,
 Crown your poor servant with success this day,
 And be the praise and glory all' thy own. [*Rises*]

Enter Audley.

Aud. Now, royal Edward, is the hour at hand
 That shall, beyond the best of ancient story,
 Ennoble English arms. Forgive, my hero,
 That I presume so far, but I have sworn
 To rise your rival in the common fight:
 We'll start together for the goal of glory,
 And work such wonders, that our fear-struck foes
 Shall call us more than mortals.

Prince. Audley, thy soul is noble; then, together,

(Safe from the prying eye of observation)
 Let us unmask our hearts. Alas, my friend,
 To such a dreadful precipice we're got,
 It giddies to look down! No hold, no hope,
 'But in the succour of almighty pow'r;
 For nothing but a miracle can save us.

Aud. I stifle apprehensions as they rise.

Nor e'er allow myself to weigh our danger.

Prince. 'Tis wisely done. And we'll at least
 endeavour

'(Like the brave handful at Thermopylæ)

'To make such gallant sacrifice of life,

'As shall confound our enemies.

'How many souls may pay the fatal price,

'Or whose may be the lot.' If I fall,

Say, Audley, to my father, to my country,
 Living they had my service---at my death,

My

My pray'rs and wishes for eternal welfare.

Aud. Request not that, which, if the day be
lost,

I ne'er shall execute. I have to ask

A favour, which I hope you'll not refuse.

Prince. Nothing that suits my Audley to solicit.

Aud. It is, that I may be the first to charge:
I think I can rely upon my courage
To set a good example.

Prince. Then be it so. And hark! [*Trumpets.*
The troops approach. *Audley to your station.*

Aud. Each upright form
Darting defiance, as they move, to France!

*Enter Warwick, Salisbury, Chandos, and other Com-
manders. Parties of Soldiers appear between all the
Wings, with Officers leading them, so seeming as if
the whole Army was drawn up.*

Prince. Countrymen,
We're here assembled for the toughest fight
That ever strain'd the force of English arms.
See yon wide field with glitt'ring numbers gay!
Vain of their strength, they challenge us for
slaves,

And bid us yield their pris'ners at discretion.
If there's an Englishman among ye all
Whose soul can basely truckle to such bondage,
Let him depart. For me, I swear, by Heav'n,
By my great father's soul, and by my fame,
My country ne'er shall pay a ransom for me!
Nor will I stoop to drag out life in bondage,
And take my pittance from a Frenchman's hands:

This.

This I resolve, and hope, brave countrymen,
Ye all resolve the same.

Sal. Conquest or death is ev'ry Briton's choice.

Prince. Oh, glorious choice ! And know, my
gallant soldiers,

That valour is superior far to numbers.

There are no odds against the truly brave :

Let us resolve on conquest, and 'tis ours.

But should the worst that can befall us, death !

'Twill be a fate to envy more than pity.

And we have fathers, brothers, sons or friends,

That will revenge our slaughter.

Sal. On, lead on, *my gallant Prince.*

Prince. I see the gen'rous indignation rise,

That soon will shake the boasted pow'r of France :

' Their monarch trembles 'midst his gaudy train,

' To think the troops he now prepares to meet,

' Are such as never faint'd yet with toil.

' They're such as yet no pow'r on earth could awe,

' No army baffle, and no town withstand.

' Heav'ns, with what pleasure, with what love I
gaze,

' In ev'ry face to view his father's greatness !

' Those fathers, those undaunted, who

' In Gallic blood have dy'd their swords.

' *Aud.* Lead us to action, and each Briton here

' Will prove himself the son of those brave fathers

' *Prince.* View all yon glitt'ring grandeur as
your spoils,

' The sure reward of this day's victory.

' Strain every faculty, and let your minds,

' Your hopes, your ardors, reach their utmost
bounds ;

Follow

Follow your standards with a fearless spirit ;
 Follow the great examples of your sires ;
 Follow the noble genius that inspires ye ;
 ' Follow this train of wise and valiant leaders,'
 Follow, in me, your brother, prince, and friend.
 Draw, fellow-soldiers, catch th' inspiring flame ;
 We fight for England, liberty, and fame.
*[They draw their Swords and go out ; Trumpets
 sounding.]*

END of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT

A C T V.

SCENE I.

An extensive Plain, with the distant view of a Town, on one side a Camp on a level, on the other, another on a rising ground.

Enter Prince, Warwick, Chandos, and Attendants : their Swords drawn.

PRINCE.

HASTE to my Lord of Oxford, and request
He ply his archers with redoubled vigour.

[An Attendant bows and goes out.]

I see already they've confuse'd the foe ;
Their ranks are broken, and they seem to doubt
If they should stand or fly.

War. Excess of fury marks the battle yonder ;
Lord Salisbury there sustains a heavy charge.

Prince. Warwick, away and reinforce his party,
Or numbers may o'erbear him. Fly this instant.

[Exit Warwick.]

Oh, for an arm of iron, but to answer
The mighty ardor that inflames my soul ! *Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE changes.

Enter Arnold bloody

Arn. My arm begins to weary with the fight.
 Death, I have cramm'd thy ravenous jaws with
 offal;
 Now, turn my friend, and give me timely rescue.

Enter Ribemont,

Rib. Thou double traitor, must I stain my
 - sword

With the foul streams that circle in thy veins,
 Who art so base, so branded? — Infamous!
 By Heav'n it almost is a guilt to fight thee.

Arn. Here I can answer, for my cause is good;
 It is my country's. And, thou haughty Lord,
 Think not thou e'er again shalt awe my soul,
 Or, unchastis'd, reproach me with a crime.
 I loath, and here am come to expiate.
 The earth I've crimson'd with thy country's blood;
 And if the pow'rs, to what is shed already,
 Will add but Ribemont's, I ask no more;
 The foe I next may meet to mine is welcome.

Rib. Can aught in valour purge thy Æthiop
 soul,
 Expunge thy blots, and rank thee with the
 brave!

Dar'st thou assert the cause thou hast betray'd,
 Or hope a second guilt atones the first?
 No the joint vengeance of wrong'd France and
 England

I send in this — [*Arnold falls*] — There's something
 Of thy due;

To Heaven's justice I consign the rest. [Exit.

Arn. Death I have caught: his shaft is in my heart.

It tugs with nature. When shall I get free?

Enter Prince, Chandos, and Attendants,

Prince. Slaughter hath wanton'd here!

Arnold! Hast thou done this?

Arn. Offended Prince,

You find my fluttering soul upon the wing.

All a poor, desp'rate, and despairing wretch

Could do, this arm hath wrought.

Prince. Thrice have I mark'd

Thy valour wonderful.

A. n. All worthless quite,

That I could pay a hundred thousand lives

In gratitude to you, and love for England;

But feeble nature fail'd my better wish.

So here I render up a loathsome life—

Prince. Talk not of dying—Live, and still be mine.

Arn. Too gen'rous Prince! Could your benignant heart

Forgive and cherish one who was so vile?

Prince. As Heav'n may pardon me thy crime's forgot.

Arn. Then I am happy. Hear it, sacred pow'rs,

And give him glory great, as is his goodness.

I go—Methinks the gloomy way before me

Is stripp'd of half its horrors. Friendly death,

Receive a parting, pity'd, pardon'd—Oh!

[Dies.

Chan. He dies!—Is gone.

Prince. Proving, my noble friend,

His

His soul was genuine English, and could tow'r
O'er all calamities but conscious guilt.

Chan. Mighty Prince, behold,
Where gallant Audley, like a tempest, pours
Destruction thro' the thickest ranks of foes!

Prince. Oh, Chandos, with astonishment my
eye
Hath mark'd his valiant wonder-working sword!
Come, let us kindle at the great example,
And emulate the ardor we admire.

SCENE changes.

Enter King John, Tourrain and Attendants.

King. [Turning back.] Rally our men, my vallant
Lord
Or we are all undone.

' I scorn'd the terms that might have blest us all?—
' Too late—It is the curse of giddy mortals
' To see their errors, and repent too late.'

Enter Athens.

Ath. The Dauphin, Dukes of Anjou, Berry,
Orleans,
Have led the way in flight! Earl Douglas follows,
Fainting with many wounds, and all his Scots
Have like our French and the auxiliar troops,
Forsoke their posts. For saftety, Sir, away—

King. Dare not to urge it—I disdain the thought.
Though all desert me, singly will I stand,
And face my foes, 'till, cover'd o'er with wounds,
I gain a fate becoming of a king.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*Opens to a full prospect of the Field.**Enter Ribemont, solus.*

Rib. Ill-fated Athens, thou hast breath'd thy last, —

But wherefore call'd I thee ill-fated? since
Death but prevented thee the curse of seeing
Our arms dishonour'd, and our country lost.
Now sacred soul of him who gave me life,
The purpose of thy visit is explain'd.

Hah! — I'm alone

Amidst a field of foes! — let me collect

A decent vigour, like the hunted lion,

Wish an assault to dignify my fall,

And not shrink, tamely, to a vulgar fate.

Enter Audley.

Aud. For England —

Rib. France — By heav'n, the gallant Audley! —

Now, fortune, I forgive thy partial dealing:

For, next to victory, my wish has been

To fall by so renown'd an arm as Audley's.

Aud. Brave Ribemont, I will return thy praise,

And own thee noblest of my country's foes.

Had we been natives of one happy land,

The gen'rous semblance of our souls had link'd us

In friendship's dearest bonds.

Rib. But here we stand

Determin'd champions in opposing lists,

Each in his country's cause, the other's foe.

Come, for I long to try this season'd blade

Upon true metal. If I conquer thee,

I take no portion of the foul disgrace,

Which

Which Heav'n this day has thrown upon our arms.
But should my fortune, (as perhaps it may)
Like my poor country's, bow the head to Eng-
land;

Then, Audley, wilt thou add to thy renown,
By doing what thy king has only done,
Raffle the warrior he pronounc'd a brave one?
Now for determination.

Aud. Hold a moment.—

Look on the field, brave Ribemont; behold,
Thou hast no passage for escape left open!
Me should'st thou vanquish; from the thousands
round thee,

Captivity or death must be thy lot.

Then make not havock of great qualities;
Nor to thy kingdom lose, through desperation,
The bravest arms and noblest heart it boasts.
Give my fond wish the power but to protect thee;
Resign thy sword—I'll prove no conqueror,
But clasp thee with the warmth of generous
friendship.

Rib. Audley, I thank thee; but my hour is
come—

You bid me look upon the field; look thou,
And see the glory of my country blasted!

To lose a day like this!—and to survive it—
Would be a wretchedness I'll ne'er endure.

No; in a nation's fate be mine involv'd:
To fall with France is now the only means
To satisfy my soul, and save my fame.

Aud. Oh, yet —

Rib. I'm fix'd.

Aud. Why then—for England this—

Rib. And this for France—

[*They fight some time, then stop.*]

Aud. What! neither get the better? *[Stop.]*
 'Tis a tough task!—Again—*They fight again, then.*

Rib. Why, valiant Lord,
 ' The balance still nods doubtful! as the pow'rs
 ' Were undetermin'd which must yield the day.
 ' Are our fates grown of such high consequence,
 ' That heav'n should pause upon the great decision?
 ' Let us no longer worry one another,
 ' Where can the vulnerable spot be found?

Aud. Why there.

They fight, Ribemont falls, and Audley is
wounded, and rests upon his sword.

Rib. No, there.

Aud. We are companions still!

Rib. Inward I bleed: the streams of life run fast,
 And all that did invigorate deserts me.
Audley, the palm of victory is thine;
 I yield, I die—but glory in my fall:
 It is beneath the noblest English arm!
 And that secures my fame.

Report me truly as thy sword has found—
 I know thou wilt; and, in the long hereafter,
 If we can meet, I'll thank thee for't.—Farewell.

[Dies.]

Aud. Farewel, brave Ribemont; thou' fearless
 soldier.

Peace to thy ashes—to thy soul reward—
 And honour crown thy name! A foe could weep:
 But pity would disgrace a death like thine.

[Trumpets.]

Enter Prince, Chandos, and attendants.

Prince. *[Turning back.]* Give instant orders to re-
 call our parties;

I will not hazard, by a rash pursuit,
 So vast a victory! ' And let my standard
 ' Be hoisted on the highest neighb'ring tree,

" To guide our troops returning from the chase:
 England, my Chandos, triumphs! For our arms
 Have won the noblest field that e'er was fought!—
 Hah! Audley bleeding! then must conquest mourn,
 And I lament, amidst my spoils and trophies,
 The best of nobles, warriors, and of friends.

Aud. Faint with the loss of blood—I hope no more.

Prince. Advance that banner o'er us.—Long,
 Oh, long

" May'st thou survive to wear this well-won honor,
 [He knights and embraces Audley.]

" My bravest knight—my most belov'd of men,
 Lead him away, repose him in his tent.

Soon as the hurry of the field is o'er,

I'll come in person and attend his cure.

Aud. There lifeless lies the arm that gave the
 A braver soldier never press'd the earth! [wound;
 On his remains let due distinction wait,
 To dignify the dust that once was noble. [He is led off.]

Prince. The valiant Ribemont!—Take hence his
 And see that every solemn rite be paid: [corps,
 With honours suited to his gallant life.

[Ribemont carried off.]

Enter Warwick.

War. Oh, mighty Prince,

Prince. What wouldst thou say—

War. Unhappy Mariana,

At once the victim of distressful love,

And deep remorse for treachery—

Prince. Go on.

War. Frantic and weeping, ran o'er all the field,
 Till chance directed her to Arnold's corps,
 That well ring lay in blood. She kiss'd it oft,

Bath'd

Bath'd it with tears, tore her dishevel'd locks,—
 Smote her poor bosom, sobb'd and sadly groan'd,
 Till snatching from his clay-cold hand his sword,
 She plung'd it sudden in her side!—sunk down—
 And call'd on death to lock their last embrace.

Prince. Heav'n, I hope, will think their crime
 Enough was punish'd by affliction here.

Hark!

[*Shout*

Cha. 'Tis a train of pris'ners bringing hither.
*Enter Salisbury, conducting King John, the Duke of
 Tourain, Archbishop of Sens, and several
 French Noblemen, prisoners.*

Prince. Brave Salisbury, you're welcome to my
 The field is ours!

[*arms.*

Sal. And nobly was it fought!
 Your veteran swordsman, Sir John Pelham, sends
 This royal trophy to adorn your triumph.

Prince. Most wise and valiant of all christian kings,
 Rever'd for virtues, and renown'd in arms!
 That I behold you thus, dissolves my heart
 With tender feeling; ' while I bend the knee
 ' In humble praise of that good Providence,
 ' Which gives so great a victory to England!
 ' For you, great monarch,—

As well you may, your royal mind unconquer'd.
 Fortune is partial in her distributions :
 Could merit always challenge its reward,
 In other lights we might this hour have stood,
 Perhaps the victor you, and I the captive ;
 But fear no wrong —

My care shall be to treat you as I ought.

King. My gracious conqueror, and kindest cousin,
 This goodness more than victory renowns you!
 That I'm unfortunate is no reproach,
 I brav'd all dangers as became a king,
 Till by my coward subjects left and lost.

Prince.

Prince. Lead to my tent : when we are there
arriv'd,

Prepare a banquet with all princely pomp,
At which I'll wait, and serve my royal guests.
My noble Lords, and brave companions all,
I leave your praise for the wide world to sound!
Nor can the voice of fame, however loud,
Out-speak the merit of your matchless deeds.
Oh, may Britannia's sons through ev'ry age,
As they shall read of this so great achievement,
Feel the recorded victory inspire
An emulation of our martial fire,
Till by repeated conquests, they obtain
A pow'r to awe the earth and rule the main:
Each tyrant fetter gloriously unbind,
And give their liberty to all mankind.

END OF THE FIFTH ACT.

EPILOGUE.

AGAINST such odds if Edward could succeed,
 Our English warriors once were great indeed :
 But, mournful thought ! we surely must complain,
 They're sadly alter'd from King Edward's reign :
 Yet some there are, who merit ev'ry praise,
 Stems of that stock, and worthy of those days ;
 Illustrious heroes !—How unlike to those,
 Whose valour, like their wit, lies only in their clothes :
 Such arrant beaux, so trim, so *degagés*,
 That ev'n French ladies would not run away.
 They'll huff, indeed, and strut, lock proud and swear,
 And all this they can do—because they dare.
 But know, poor souls, all this implies no merit,
 Ev'n women soon discern a man of spirit ;
 Judges alike of warriors and of wooers :
 The mightiest talkers, are the poorest doers,
 Such to subdue, requires no martial fire,
 One Joan of Arc would make them all retire.
 But hold—I wander—Poictiers be my story,
 And warm my breast with British love of glory ;
 When each bold Briton took his country's part,
 And wore her freedom blazon'd on his heart,
 Such were our sires—But now, Oh' dire disgrace !
 Lo, half their offspring lost in silk and lace.
 Ye Britons, from this lethargy arise,
 Burst forth from folly's bondage and be wise :
 Once more let virtue, dignity, be priz'd ;
 Nor copy what your ancestors despis'd.
 Each false refinement study to disdain,
 And harden into manhood back again -
 So shall our Britain's honours mount on high,
 And future fields with that of Poictiers vie.

